

Correspondence Column

Gathering Chestnuts.
Dear Editor,—I haven't written you a letter for a long time. I know you have wondered where I was. I have been down at the farm driving oxen. We have a farm a mile from town and it is great fun to work down there. Dad had a big cutting barn built down there, and I built me a little barn by the side of it. I wish you were out here in the country now to help us pick up chestnuts. They are ripe now, and we enjoy shaking the trees and seeing the brown nuts fall. Your friends,
Independence, Va. RALPH C. RHUDY.

Rob Roy a Farmer.
Dear Editor,—I have been working on the farm this summer and I like it, but Jim Ted doesn't. He says he doesn't mean to make a farmer of himself; he likes to read books. One day I had started up home with a big load of hay, and just as I crossed the bridge at the new barn I met a man with a wagon. I went to turn out and couldn't control my oxen. They were too far, turned the wagon over and broke the coupling pole. Charley was near and kept calling to us, "Jump boys, jump, off the wagon, don't let it kill ye boys." Jim and I jumped clear of the hay just as it turned, and neither were hurt.
ROB ROY RHUDY.

School in the New Academy.
Dear Editor,—We have missed the T. D. C. C. very much since our time expired for the Times-Dispatch. I hope we can get it again soon. Mamma had a letter from Sally Carey Finch's mother, which she appreciated very much. She wanted me to attend school with Sally Carey, and I should like very much to do so, but we have a new academy here now and I must attend that this winter. Our school will open here next Monday. The letter was misplaced, and mamma wrote Mrs. Finch, but I think she had the wrong address. I would like to have cards from some of the members.
MARY FULTON RHUDY.

Coming to the Fair.
Dear Editor,—Dada, mamma, little sister and I are coming to Richmond next week to the fair, and I mean to go to see you. Rob, Jim Ted, Ralph and Mary Fulton are my cousins, and have told me all about you and I want to join the T. D. C. C. and know you too. Walter and I have been gathering chestnuts this afternoon. We shook three trees and had fine time. I am to school at Brille Creek Academy. Miss Gunn is trying to teach me music. I guess I can learn it. I mean to try my best.
Independence, Va. FRED FULTON.

"Ellen Adair" Illustrated.
Dear Editor,—I am sending a poem this week, which I copied called "Ellen Adair," and a picture I drew to accompany it. The picture is original. I wish you could print them together. I think I am doing better work now than I have for some time. I hope you like this picture. The picture I sent last week with the poem was original, so was the poem. I hope the fair will be a great success. I would give a great deal to be there and see the picture, but as I can't, I hope some one will give us a nice description of it all. I will close now, as it is near meal time. Your sincere member,
EMMA V. CHADWICK.

Happy Medalist.
Dear Editor,—I was very much surprised and pleased when I read of the medal for September. I feel very proud and thank you. I am looking for the badge in the mail. I hope it comes in time for my trip next week, and I will wear it to Virginia. I am sending another picture, which I hope you will have room for. Yours truly,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
1108 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Found in Books.
Dear Editor,—I enclose you will find a drawing and the "Futures of Great Men." I found these by looking them up in different books. Hoping to see them in print and wishing the club much success, I remain as ever, your true member,
EVELYN E. DYKE.

Enjoyed Willie Chadwick's Story.
Dear Editor,—Our school started to-day, October 2. I enjoyed Willie Chadwick's story so much, and I hope she will write another soon. Was glad to see the Book-club's contest has started again. The October heading was fine. I was in a real nice villa. One day I got a camera, which I have been using since. I received a card from Rosalie Bennett last week. I suppose by this time it is in print. The fair will be over. I hope all of the members that go will enjoy it. Must close. I am taking too much space. Your member,
Barbourville, Va. LOUISE L. WALKER.

Not Surprised at Short Lists.
Dear Editor,—I was glad to see my drawing in the paper. I am not surprised to see such a short list of contributors, as I am sure club members have nearly all started to yet, but I hope to receive my prize before the end of the year. I have been enjoying some of my pictures exhibited here. I must close now and study my lessons. Enclosed is a drawing. Your loving member,
LYRA VIRGINIA RANSON.

Enjoyed the Boosters.
Dear Editor,—I'm going to send you this picture and letter this week. How you will like this drawing. The "Richmond Boosters" has been here yesterday, and we enjoyed their boosting so much. The souvenir calendar of the Times-Dispatch are as pretty as the State Fair in Richmond. What I could see at the State Fair in Richmond. I know it will be splendid. You must tell us, who cannot go, all about the fair and the exhibit. I am sure you had a nice vacation.
JOHN S. TERRY.

Written in a Hammock.
Dear Editor,—I enclose is a story and a drawing, which I hope you will print. I made it up one night in the country under the trees in a hammock. A beautiful full moon was shining, and a flock of ducks were marching across the yard. I put all of this in the first part of the story. Yours truly,
MARY ANDERSON GILLIAM.

Geoffrey Chaucer.
Geoffrey Chaucer was born in London about 1340. His father was a vintner, connected with the King's household. At an early age Geoffrey was in the service of a member of the royal family of Edward III.
Little is known of his education, as to how or where it was acquired. Early in his life he was admitted into court circles, where he often heard the stories of conquest and English triumphs.
In 1358 there was a great feast served in London in honor of a good among them. It was called the Great Feast of St. George.
The following year he joined the army of King Edward III as shield bearer of the King in his invasion of France. He was captured by the French and held a captive for six months until he was ransomed, the King himself giving sixteen pounds. When he became free he was established in the service of the King, with time for writing. Most of his verses were written in French.
In time he became a valet in the King's household. He was granted an annual salary of twenty marks for life. Afterward he lost his public offices and became very poor. He sent a verse to the King, which is now known as "Chaucer to His Empty Purse." The King granted him an additional pension of forty marks a year.
Chaucer is described as having a small and intelligent face and a meditative look, and reserved before strangers. He died October 25, 1400, and his remains were interred in Westminster Abbey, he being the first of the English poets to be accorded that honor.
LOUISE L. WALKER.

Peace, Be Still.
And He arose and rebuked the wind and said unto the sea, "Peace, be still." And the wind ceased and there was a great calm.
LOTTIE DICKENSON.

THE DUCK FAIRIES.
Elsa lay under the trees in the hammock. The full moon, rising, poured its light over her and lit up her face. She had been sent to the country for a vacation, and she was alone on the lawn. The grown-ups were playing cards, and Elsa detested cards; so she came out to have a "think."
"It is just the night for fairies to be out. How I wish I might go to one of their midnight revels," she thought.
Elsa Carewe looked like a fairy herself. She was ten years old and small for her age. Her short, red-gold curls ran riot over her pretty head, and were held back by a big blue bow the color of her eyes. Her frilled, lace-trimmed frock and big blue sash set off her graceful, slender little figure to an advantage, and with her dainty white slippers and socks, she would have made a beautiful little fairy.
Elsa was staying in the country, and her brothers, Ralph and Bruce, were visiting a friend, so Elsa was often lonely. Her only companion was an old dog and a cat, but what pleased her most were the ducks. There were twenty in the flock, and often Elsa would watch them as they waddled in single file, quacking incessantly.
Just then the whole flock waddled around the side of the house towards her. She sat up and called under her breath: "O, they are coming towards me! I wonder if they'll stop." The flock came on and stopped at a respectful distance. They held a hurried consultation, and then an old duck came forward and made as graceful a bow as might be expected from a duck. "Miss Elsa," he said, "we have noticed and approved your quiet behavior and have become quite attached to you, which is saying a good deal. We would be greatly pleased if you would honor us with your presence at our midnight revels. The moon will be our light, and we will dance in the fairies' delirious dance to music in the meadow. May I have the first dance?"
Elsa felt inclined to laugh, for the idea of ducks dancing was very amusing. But she stifled the laugh and thanked him for his kindness. He gave her directions for meeting them, and bidding her good evening, joined the flock and waddled gravely on.
Just then Elsa's nurse came out of the house to put her to bed. She got up immediately in a state of suppressed excitement, and got to bed so quickly that nurse wondered what had come over her.
Elsa had a hard time keeping awake, but when the clock struck twelve she sprang up, dashed some cold water over her face, dressed quickly, slipped out to the porch, jumped the three steps and ran quickly to the meeting place, where the ducks put a wreath of clem-

EDITORIAL AND LITERARY DEPARTMENT

The Return of the Rhudys and the Exhibit. Our Little Blind Comrades.

My Dear Girls and Boys:
Our correspondence column begins to-day with contributions from our little Rhudy members, of whom we are all so fond. It gives us great pleasure to have them writing to us again. Along with their letters is one from a cousin of theirs, Fred Fulton, an Independence boy, who is coming to the fair.

I am sure you admired Emma Chadwick's original "Illustrated poem in Sunday's paper, and that you will equally appreciate her picture of "Ellen Adair," which appears to-day.

Our members' exhibit of black and white and colored drawings was, I am sure, quite the best of its kind at the fair. The pictures were handsomely grouped and framed, and I am only sorry that every member of the club could not be here to see the exhibit hung in the building given up to children's work. After the fair our exhibit will form a part of one that Dr. Mastin and Dr. Freeman, of the Board of Charities, are going to take all over the State. So you may, and doubtless will, have an opportunity to see the exhibit, added to by the illustrated stories, which could not be gotten ready in time for the fair.

I am perfectly confident that your exhibit made a fine showing and demonstrated the worth of the work you have been doing and the progress you have been making by means of our club organization. I am immensely proud of you for what you have accomplished.

Two new members from the State School for the Blind, in Staunton, have become contributors this week. I have sent them badges, and hope you will write them your welcome. Their teacher, Miss Goss, says they are much interested in our page. Aren't you glad that your work has given these dear children amusement? I am sure you are.
YOUR EDITOR.

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.
Miss Emma V. Chadwick, care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.
Miss Edna Williams, Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind, Staunton, Va.
John B. Woodville, Jr., Fayette, W. Va.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.
Beverly, Cedric S. Mosley, Jessie Chadwick, E. V. Pocklington, Walter Craig, Joan F. Ranson, Lyra V. Chadwick, H. E. Rhudy, Ralph C. Adair, Curtis G. Rhudy, Rob Roy Dyke, Evelyn E. Sparrow, Julia F. Davis, Edward Seay, Maggie E. Dickinson, Lottie Terry, John S. Gayle, Alice Whyte, Irving H. Gilliam, Mary A. Woodville, J. B. J. Fulton, Fred Williams, Edna Hall, Emery Walker, Louise

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atis on her curls. At their bidding Elsa seated herself on the old duck's back, and with a faint whirr of wings the whole flock rose in the air and flew quickly to the fairies' dell.
When they arrived Elsa was introduced to the band of fairies, and found to her surprise that she was as small as they. The ducks stripped off their feathers and stepped forth as tiny fairies, arrayed in silk and velvet. The black ones were dressed in black velvet, with orange velvet hats and silk stockings and slippers. The white ones were dressed in white, with orange hats, stockings and shoes.
Elsa gasped, but they explained to her that all their race were compelled to wear the form of ducks in the daytime because of an act of cruelty committed by one of their ancestors.

At a quarter past 12 the dancing began. Elsa danced with all the fairies. She seemed to know every step perfectly, and danced with so much grace that she was complimented by all of them. They danced until half-past 2, and then a banquet was served. They used toast-racks for tables and little moss-covered stones for seats. Dishes were wheeled in, and Elsa and the fairies ate heartily. Elsa was very hungry, for she had not eaten since the morning. The dishes were of all kinds, and Elsa ate of them all. She ate of the milkweed, cake afterwards.

"I always thought milkweed was poisonous," said Elsa.
"It is to all mortals except you, but nothing is poisonous to the fairies except cruelty," said a fairy.
Just then a fairy clock struck four. The ducks hurried into their feathers, and bidding the fairies a hasty farewell, Elsa mounted her duck and was borne swiftly away and deposited in her bed.

"It will be a jolly good story to tell Ralph and dear little Bruce," she thought, as she closed her eyes and fell asleep. (Original.)

MARY ANDERSON GILLIAM.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

One day Little Boy Blue went out into the country to stay awhile with his grandmother and grandfather. They had a barn, which they used for a dinner horn. They wanted Little Boy Blue to work, so they gave him a horn to him, and they told him to watch, and when the sheep got in the meadow and the cows in the corn to blow the horn, and the grandfather would come to run them out.
They were cutting hay that day, so Little Boy Blue went down there. It was so warm that he lay down and fell asleep by the haycock. That day grandfather looked out the window and saw the sheep in the meadow and the cows in the corn, but she didn't

see the Little Boy Blue anywhere. She saw grandfather coming up towards the house, and she asked him, "Where is Little Boy Blue that tends the sheep?" He told her that he was under the haycock fast asleep, so grandmother told grandfather to go wake him. "Oh! no, not I; for if I do he will surely cry," said grandfather. EMERY HALL.

TRUE HEROISM.
(Concluded.)
"We will see about that," cried the man, and swinging Paul into the saddle, he leaped up behind him, and before the astonished boy could utter a sound, was riding off at full speed, followed by the other horseman.
After a brisk ride, they galloped up to a long, low building and Paul was taken down from the horse and locked in a small room. At the end of an hour he was conducted to a large, well-lighted apartment, where a banquet of some kind was going on. A fierce-looking man sitting at the table turned around as Paul entered the room.
"So, you young rebel," he said, scowling, "are you going to tell where that American spy is? Down into the cellar you go, and in the morning we will show you how we fix little rebels." So poor Paul was hurried into a damp cellar, where he was left alone. There was some straw in one corner, and on this the hungry, frightened child lay down, after saying his prayers, and soon fell fast asleep. About midnight he was roused by a gentle touch, and opening his eyes, he saw a lady bending over him. She had a candle in her hand and some food. "Do not speak," she whispered, "but eat this as quickly as you can. Poor child, I am going to take you home." Paul obeyed, and, hand in hand, they softly crept out of the cellar. It was moonlight and Paul could see the sentinel asleep at his post, as they stole past him to the stable.

Here the lady, having saddled a beautiful white horse, leaped on his back and drew Paul up before her. Then they sped like a flash into the night, until at last the town where Paul lived was reached. The boy pointed out his home, and the lady put him down a short distance from the gate, after bidding him never to forget her. Then, waving her hand, she rode back the way she had come.
Paul never knew who the beautiful lady was, to whom he owed his escape, nor did the British soldier ever come back in search of the spy, for the day after the little lad's capture they retired before an advance of the American army.
"You know now, Paul, how you can be a hero without fighting," said Mrs. Payne. "And last of all, as proud of my brave little son for saving the life of a poor spy as of my noble husband for fighting for the liberty of his country."
JOHN B. WOODVILLE, JR.

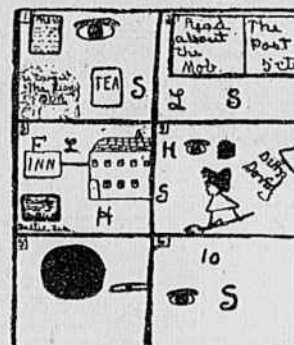
ELLEN ADAIR.
Sweet Emma Moreland of yonder town
Met me walking on yonder way
"And have you lost your heart," she said,
"To trouble the heart of Edward Gray?"
"And are you married yet, Edward Gray?"
Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me,
Bitterly weeping I turned away.
"Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more,
Can touch the heart of Edward Gray."
Ellen Adair, I love her well,
Against her father and mother's will,
To-day I sat for an hour and went
By Ellen's grave on the windy hill.
Shy she was and I thought her cold,
Thought her proud and fled over the sea;
Filled was I with folly and spite
When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

THE WRECK.
Down upon the rocky shore
Where the soft waves fall,
Where the seagulls come and go
And the white sails call.
Out beyond the sandy bar,
Where the waves dash high,
And fading in a line of foam
They meet a sapphire sky.
With pennon up and halyards taut
A ship sailed down the bay;
Her white sails set against the breeze
That bore her far away.
And whether she was carried down
Among the weed and rock
They cannot tell; but this they know:
She never more came back.
And loyal hearts were left behind;
Yes, loyal hearts at home,
Who'll never meet again with those
Who sank beneath the foam.
And often when the lightnings flash,
And when the breakers roar,
A foam is seen to wander down
Upon the rocky shore.
And as the tide comes creeping in
Upon the sandy bars,
The maiden lifts her hands and prays
Beneath the cold, white stars.
HARRY E. CHADWICK.

FATHERS OF GREAT MEN.
George Washington's father was a farmer.
Shakespeare's father was a wool merchant.
Lincoln's father was a farmer and day laborer.
Martin Luther's father was a peasant and woodman.
Daniel Webster's father was a farmer.
Benjamin Franklin was the son of a soap boiler.
Christopher Columbus's father was a weaver.
General Grant's father was a tanner.
John Calvin's father was a cooper.
EVELYN E. DYKE.

Puzzle Department

Picture Games.



LOUISE L. WALKER.
Barbourville, Orange Co., Va.

Charade in French.
Mon premier est en plus,
Mais non en peu,
Mon second est en vin,
Mais non en main,
Mon troisième est en bon,
Mais non en temps,
Mon quatrième est en cygne,
Mais non en farine,
Mon cinquième est en dent,
Mais non en point,
Mon tout est un animal.
CEDRIC S. BEVERLY.
Freeling, Va.

Vegetables in Figures.
3, 1, 2, 2, 1, 7, 5,
15, 14, 9, 15, 14, 19,
15, 15, 20, 1, 20, 15, 5, 15,
20, 15, 15, 1, 20, 15, 5, 15,
2, 21, 20, 5, 2, 5, 14, 19,
15, 5, 1, 19,
12, 5, 20, 30, 21, 3, 5,
3, 21, 5, 21, 13, 2, 5, 18,
2, 5, 5, 20, 19,
20, 21, 18, 14, 5, 16, 19.
JEAN FRANCES CRAIG.

Jumbled States in the United States.
Venezianian.
Custatium.
Aomienal.
Tormievr.
Tearim.
Cutkevink.
Imanygo.
Ersakubi.
Ydanus.
Dinanal.
ANSWERS.
To puzzle by Marie Childress:
1. Minnesota.
2. Arkansas.
3. Pennsylvania.
4. Delaware.

Jumbled girls' names. by M. C. Spencer:
1. Elizabeth.
2. Margaret.
3. Lucy.
4. Martha.
5. Thelma.
6. Rosa.
7. Ruth.
8. Kathrine.
9. Claire.
10. Louise.
LOUISE L. WALKER.
ROBERT E. LEE.

CHAPTER II.

When his mother was sick he would take the keys and keep house for her. Once his mother said to a friend: "What would I do without Robert; for he is both son and daughter to me?"

He would also run home from school to drive out with her, and when she would complain of being cold or of the drafts, he would take out his knife and stuff the cracks with paper, for the coach was an old one.

Robert first went to school to a Mr. Leary, and then to Benjamin H. Hallowell. They both spoke of him as a fine young man.

Robert was very fond of hunting, and would sometimes follow the hounds all day long.

It is due to his mother's care that he became the great and noble man the chief engineer of the United States that he was, for he never knew a father's care. Robert had two brothers and two sisters. His brothers' names were Charles Carter and Sidney Smith. His sisters' were Anne and Mildred.

When he was eighteen years old he went to West Point and entered the United States Military Academy. While there he never got a bad mark or demerit, and was graduated with second honors.

When he came home from West Point looking very handsome in his cadet uniform, he waited on Mary Custis, the granddaughter of Martha Washington, who returned the love he offered her, and the marriage, which proved so happy, took place four years afterwards.

The young couple lived at Arlington, a beautiful place near Washington city, that was built by Mrs. Lee's father, and had been her home before her marriage, and was left to her by her father, Mr. Custis, at his death.

Alexandria was always a sacred place to him after his mother's death. Once a friend saw him looking over the garden wall, and asked what he was looking at. He answered: "I am looking to see if the snowball bush is still here. I should be very sorry to miss it, as I used to play here when I was a boy."

In 1834 he was made assistant to Army, and in 1838 he was promoted to a captaincy of engineers.
In 1846 General Lee fought and distinguished himself in the Mexican War, and when Virginia decided to join the Southern States by seceding from the Union, although General Lee, who was then Colonel Lee, did not think that it was wise, he resigned at once from the United States Army and offered his services to Virginia.
(To Be Continued.)
MAGGIE E. SEAY.

THE WRECK.
Down upon the rocky shore
Where the soft waves fall,
Where the seagulls come and go
And the white sails call.
Out beyond the sandy bar,
Where the waves dash high,
And fading in a line of foam
They meet a sapphire sky.
With pennon up and halyards taut
A ship sailed down the bay;
Her white sails set against the breeze
That bore her far away.
And whether she was carried down
Among the weed and rock
They cannot tell; but this they know:
She never more came back.
And loyal hearts were left behind;
Yes, loyal hearts at home,
Who'll never meet again with those
Who sank beneath the foam.
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The maiden lifts her hands and prays
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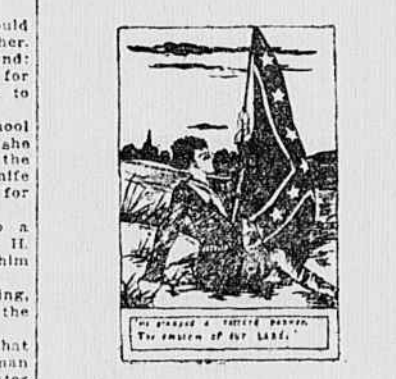
LOUISE L. WALKER.



MARY ANDERSON GILLIAM.



EVELYN E. DYKE.



WILLIE E. CHADWICK.



LYRA V. RANSON.



EDWARD DAVIS.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.
There was a little boy. I think that his mother bought him a blue coat. One day he went to visit his grandparents on the farm.
The grandmother gave Little Boy Blue a horn and told him when he saw the sheep in the meadow and the cows destroying the corn to blow his horn.
Now, there was a haycock not far from the house, and Little Boy Blue used to go to rest in the cool.
One day grandmother looked out of her window and saw the sheep in the meadow and the cows in the corn. She called him, but received no answer. Seeing grandfather, she asked about the little boy who attended the sheep. He told her that he was asleep under the haycock.
The grandmother did not like this at all, and told grandfather to go wake him. This grandfather did not like to do. He said that if he should wake him he would certainly wake him he would certainly wake him.
EDNA WILLIAMS.
V. S. B.D., Staunton, Va.

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